

1973

Viking 1973

Portland State University

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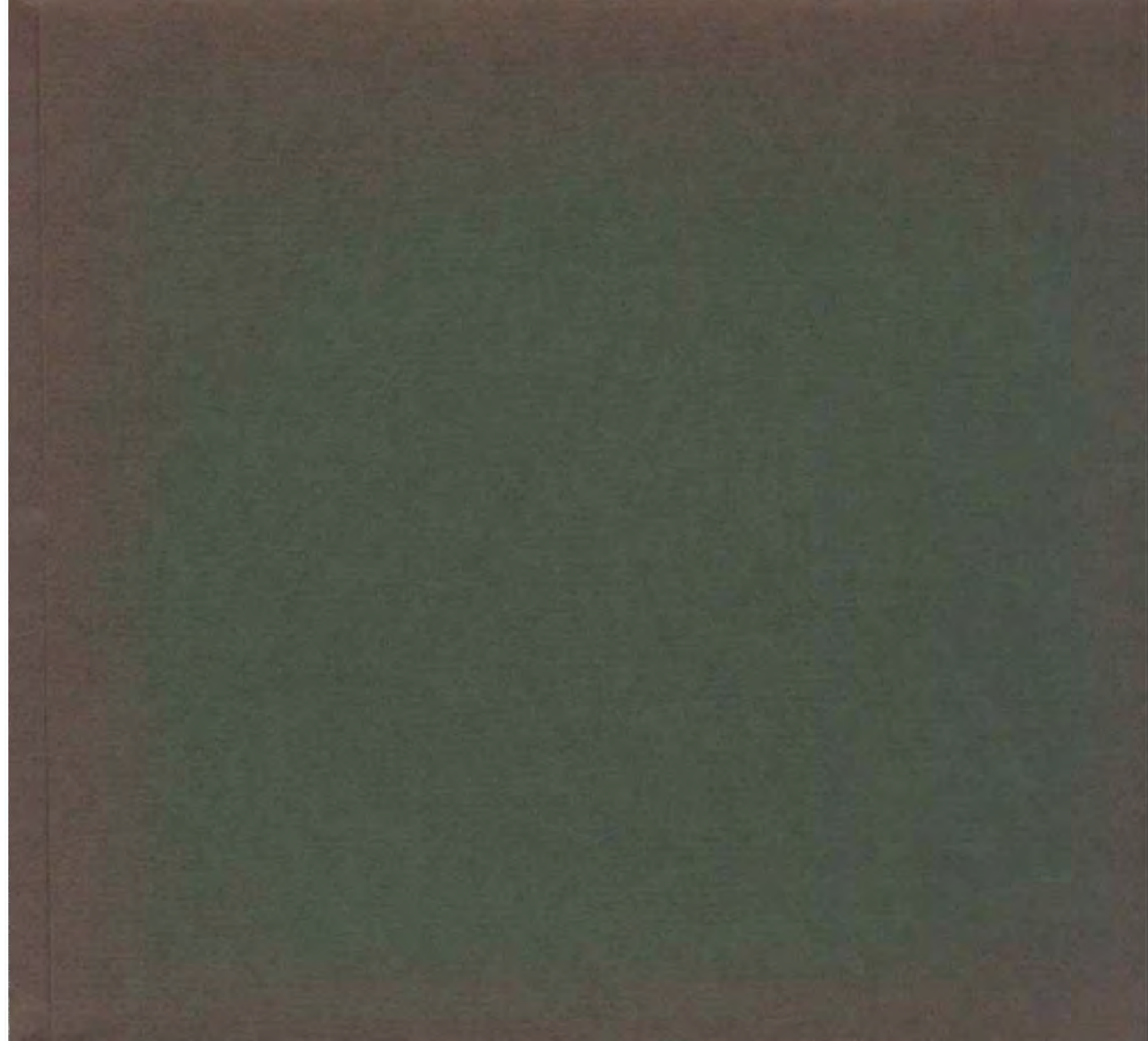
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ANNUAL REPORT

72/73





In the Beginning was Wonder. We all learned together when the world was new, and none pretended to wisdom. It was enough to stay alive and raise the children.

Now we are falling one from another, each lonely soul facing slow spiritual death; this death in the midst of life - an old, old paradox - made more poignant by the bright promise of the academy.

Yet hope endures, and love, and faith, and reason... And of these, Love is the most abiding.

Thus, in trust and love sent forth into the Void, this book was made. We learned about each other, and wish to share our findings.

May your eyes and heart understand our vision of the promise waiting realization.



ANNUAL REPORT

PORTLAND STATE
UNIVERSITY
VIKING YEARBOOK

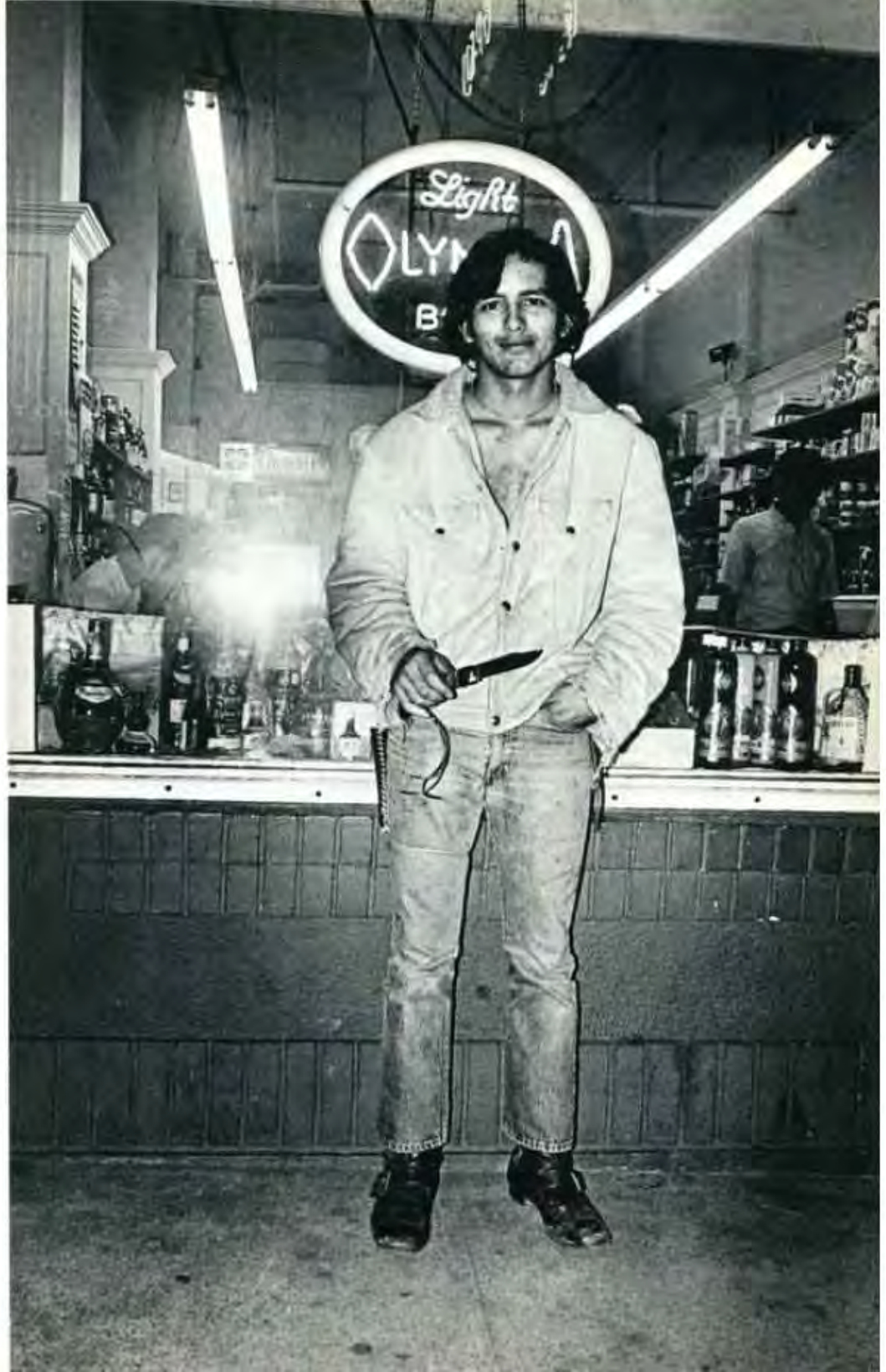
72/73



It was a Year much like all the other years.
Months passed while we studied, slept,
shat, and muddled through. Spring
followed Winter followed Fall, and as we
made our daily rounds ———

Old Ireland went bloody mad in Civil War;
Assassins murdered the governor-
General of Bermuda while he was
walking his dog, Athletes at the Munich
Olympic Games, the American diplomats
at a farewell tea in the Sudan, and far too
many others. An earthquake killed the city
of Managua, Nicaragua, with its ten
thousand souls; The dead sustained the
living for seventy days high in the Andes as
the survivors of a plane crash tenderly ate
their less fortunate friends;
and

*We live in a decaying age.
Young people no longer respect their parents.
They are rude and impatient.
They inhabit taverns and have no self-control.
Inscription on a 6000-year-old Egyptian tomb*





Nixon announced a peace in Vietnam, but as Nicholas von Hoffman wrote in the Washington Post: "He said it is peace with honor, but by this time the rest of us know that peace IS honor."



"Could you please keep these people quiet?"
Bobby Fischer - World Chess Champion



How would it be if they stopped a war and nobody went home?

VIETNAM WAR ENDS

The Oregonian

Prisoners to come home; fighting to halt Saturday

VOL. 105 • NO. 14570 • WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1975 • 10 PAGES • 15¢

Oregonians to be freed under pact

The announcement that the United States and North Vietnam have agreed to a peace pact, which would free American prisoners of war, was met with a mixture of relief and skepticism here today.

There are all kinds of stories and rumors about the pact, and many people are wondering what it really means for the United States and for the prisoners of war.

The pact, which was signed in Paris, calls for the release of all American prisoners of war held in North Vietnam. It also calls for the release of all North Vietnamese prisoners of war held in the United States.

But there are many questions about the pact. For example, how many prisoners will be released? How long will it take to release them? And what about the prisoners who are still missing?

These are all questions that people are asking today. And the answers are not yet known.

Today's shuffle

Weather: Mostly clear, with a few clouds. High 45, low 35. Wind: Light breeze.

Consumer prices rise

Consumer prices rose for the third time in four months, according to a report from the Bureau of Economic Analysis today.

The report shows that the consumer price index for all urban consumers rose 0.2 percent in December.

This is the first time that the index has risen since October, when it fell 0.1 percent.

The report also shows that the index for the 1975 year will be 3.5 percent higher than the 1974 year.

LBJ's body lies in state at memorial library

The body of President Lyndon B. Johnson will lie in state at the Lyndon B. Johnson Memorial Library in Austin, Texas, today.

The body will be on display from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. today.

The memorial library is a new building that was dedicated in 1974.

It is located on the campus of the University of Texas at Austin.

The body of President Johnson will be on display for the first time since his death in 1969.



A prisoner of war, seen here in a photograph taken by a U.S. soldier, is one of the many prisoners who are expected to be released under the new peace pact.

Prisoners to come home

The new peace pact between the United States and North Vietnam calls for the release of all American prisoners of war held in North Vietnam.

This is a major step towards ending the Vietnam War.

But there are many questions about the pact. For example, how many prisoners will be released? How long will it take to release them? And what about the prisoners who are still missing?

These are all questions that people are asking today. And the answers are not yet known.



A prisoner of war, seen here in a photograph taken by a U.S. soldier, is one of the many prisoners who are expected to be released under the new peace pact.

Crews await POW pickup

Crews of the U.S. Navy and the U.S. Marine Corps are waiting for the pickup of American prisoners of war from North Vietnam.

The pickup is expected to take place in the near future.

The crews are waiting at the port of Haiphong, North Vietnam.

They are waiting for the arrival of the U.S. Navy ship, the USS Intrepid.

The ship is expected to arrive in the next few days.



A group of American prisoners of war, seen here in a photograph taken by a U.S. soldier, are expected to be released under the new peace pact.



Student life now partakes of all the grim buffet which weights the groaning table. No more freshmen beanies, no sock-hop dances, no hazing or pledging, no Senior prom, no compulsory graduation ceremony... in short, no nonsense. Yet there is more real promise of a human contact at PSU these days because we are less artificially set apart from one another.

You see, this year it was made clear to us as students that we count for less than we thought we counted for. We believed the diploma represented something, for God's sake, no matter how nebulous it was. Yet it now stands revealed for all to see that students are just human beings after all with no special standing, and that if we want to do anything we must work hard.



"They just laughed when I showed them my degree. And when I said I was a Vet, they laughed even harder - People think you're a time bomb or an addict."

Vietnam Vet



"I find it a little disconcerting to find women wearing pants and men wearing women's hair styles."

Returning P.O.W.



The era of readily available jobs for every card carrying graduate is over, as the U.S. economy now trembles, the dollar is devalued, and social programs trimmed like a Hippie's hair in the smalltown jail. Really not a bad lesson to learn, one which begins close to home in the University itself. Not in the classroom, of course, where the taboo still exists against the discussion of contemporary issues at the undergraduate level.



Thus, it is not academic to discuss Watergate, ITT, grain speculation, stifling of the Press, whereas it is academic to discuss Teapot Dome, J.P. Morgan and U.S. Steel, John Peter Zenger, and Governor Altgeld.

This land is ^{my}~~your~~ land!



Our only hope is that sooner or later our whole society gets so plastic that we can throw it out.

Mason Williams





Nor was the 1972 Presidential election an academic matter. Nixon was re-elected after one of the more unsavory campaigns of recent memory, featuring sabotage and slander by the Republicans. The Democrat McGovern was not without blemishes either, as he late in the game said that Nixon was worse than Hitler, referring to the U.S. bombing of N. Vietnam, a comparison which was singularly maladroit and naive.

After his re-election, Nixon disdained conciliation and made no attempt to patch up the wounds of the nation. To the tens of thousands of young men who fled the country rather than fight in 'Nam, he promised prison terms if they ever returned. Nixon proposed massive cuts in work-study funds, in day-care center funds, and then he called for a return of the death penalty. To students these proposals seemed barbaric and mindless.



"We can not provide forgiveness for them. Those who deserted must pay the price, and the price is not a junket in the Peace Corps - "

Richard M. Nixon on the question of amnesty for draft evaders.





Seems silly to write this in a year book but it is the only permanent record of the life of the University. And life at this university went on much as it has in other years. The seasons changed while we studied, slept, shat, screwed, and muddled through.



"Cheshire-Puss," she began, rather timidly...
 "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"
 "That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the cat.
 "I don't much care where..." said Alice.
 "Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the cat.
 Lewis Carroll



And so it goes.
 Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

KODAK SAFETY FILM



38

37

DAY IN THE LIFE

... And every day we rose from our beds, rested more or less, to begin our daily rounds. Throw the bed-covers together, pull on our clothes, eat something, gather the books, and step outside to face the Oregon morning. Off to school; bus, car, bicycle, foot, motorcycle, Servicar, hitching a ride, somehow getting to PSU.

Classrooms crowded in the morning, thinned by the afternoon and replenished in the evening. Find time and a place to study, the library or a stairwell or in class. Greet a friend - talking and walking, hurry to meetings, stroll when the pressure is off.

Listen attentively to ideas while trying to integrate the new and the old. Argue, rethink, see things differently, make sense, correct, rationalize, err, and change - sometimes slowly but more often too quickly to be comfortable.

Work for a cause, put in hours, bring the project to fruition, experience a letdown. Or, fail to accomplish anything.

Finally, time to head home. Supper, relax with friends or study, clean up, and every night we slept.



Although we experience the world in bits and pieces, the sequence in which we experience them flows together and we feel the world around us as a continuous panorama. When we try to communicate about it, we have to break it down into bits and pieces. Perhaps a large part of our trouble starts there.

Don Fabun





It is estimated that 1500 thunderstorms are in progress over the earth's surface at any given moment and that lightning strikes the earth 100 times every second





The world is a beautiful place to be born into
if you don't mind happiness not always being
so very much fun
if you don't mind a touch of hell now and then
just when everything is fine
because even in heaven they don't sing
all the time

Lawrence Ferlinghetti







the difference between man's soot and
nature's grime is that nature knows
how to clean up after herself.
Stanford Research Institute





When mankind had nothing better to do, it fashioned sundials. a later civilization, desiring to be bored by night as well as by day devised clocks.





How can I do new math
with an old math mind?
Charlie Brown

Sometimes I think we're alone
And sometimes I think we're not.
In either case, the idea is quite
staggering.
British Astronomer



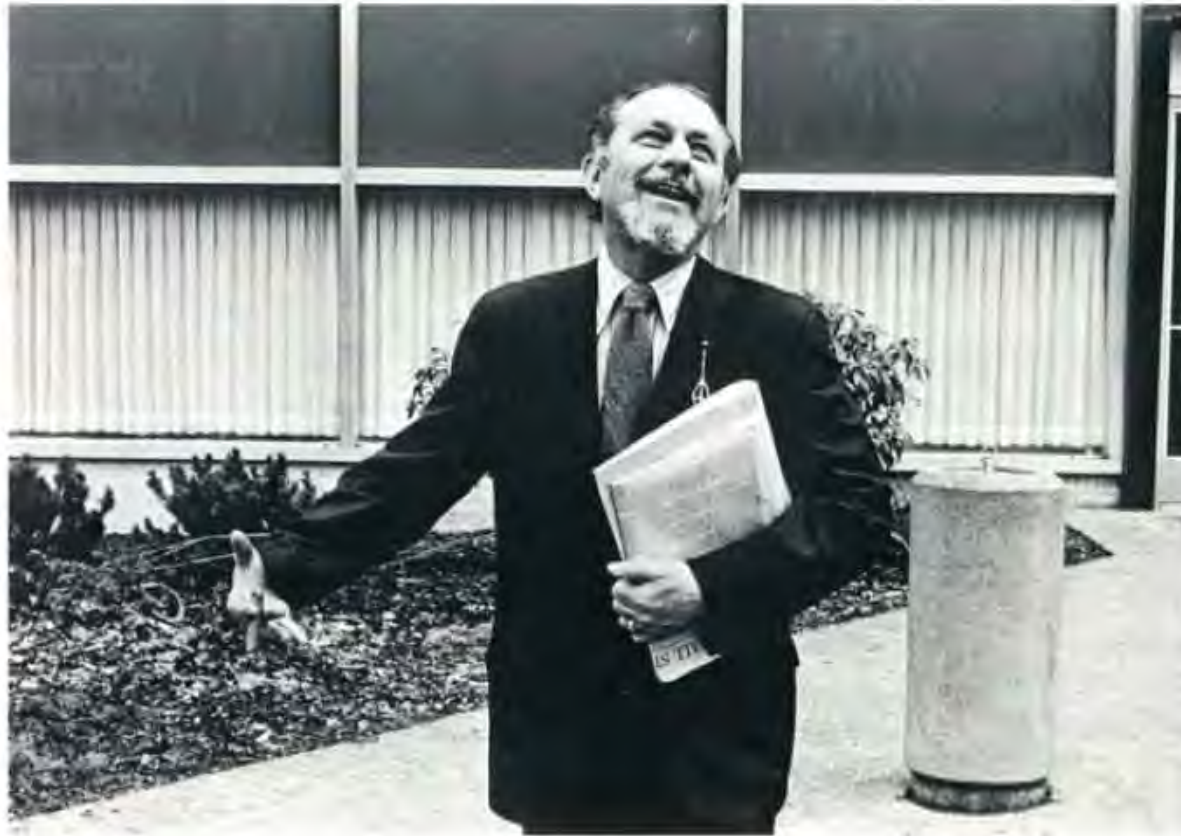


*Experience is not what happens
to a man; it is what a man
does with what happens to him.*

Aldous Huxley



*You see one redwood tree you've seen
them all.
Ronald Reagan*





ماكل لا يتخفى المرء بدركه



REGARDLESS OF MY INDUSTRY AND INGENUITY,
MORE THAN ONCE I'VE BEEN HAUNTED BY THE
SUSPICION THAT I'M YODELING IN AN
ECHO CHAMBER.

RICHARD MANEY, PRESS AGENT









*'Truth is not the secret of a few' yet
you would maybe think so the way some
librarians and cultural ambassadors and
especially museum directors act
you'd think they had a corner on it
the way they walk around shaking their
high heads and looking as if they never
went to the bathroom or anything*

Lawrence Ferlinghetti











Who are You? said the
Caterpillar.
Alice replied rather shyly
I hardly know, sir, just at
the present - at least
I know who I was when
I got up this morning,
but I think I must have
been changed several
times since then.

Lewis Carroll



The price of ground is rising
everyday. It's terrible.
Banarsi Dass Nigam, suture machine





Isn't it fantastic that
everything that happens every
day is exactly an hour worth
of news?

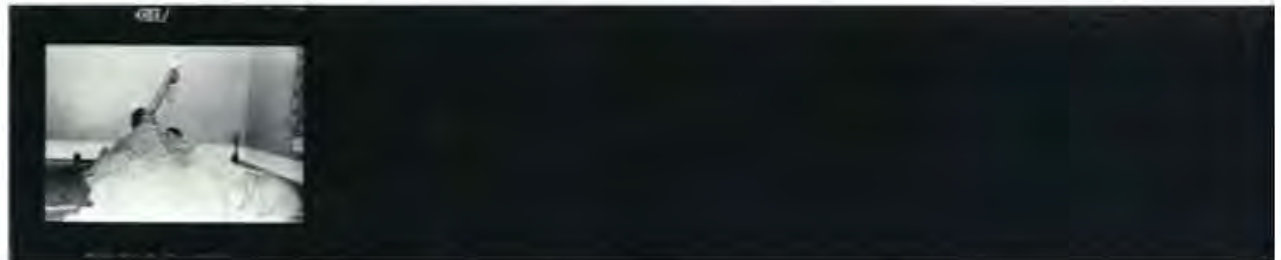
Marion Williams





In former days we'd both agree
 That you were me and I was you.
 What has happened to us two,
 That you are you and I am me?

trans. from the Sanskrit
 by JOHN BROUGH



IF THIS LITTLE WORLD TONIGHT
SUDDENLY SHOULD FALL THROUGH SPACE
IN A HISSING, HEADLONG FLIGHT,
SHRIVELLING FROM OFF ITS FACE,
AS IT FALLS INTO THE SUN,
IN AN INSTANT EVERY TRACE
OF THE LITTLE CRAWLING THINGS -
ANTS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND LICE,
CATTLE, COCKROACHES, AND KINGS,
BEGGERS, MILLIONAIRES, AND MICE,
MEN AND MAGGOTS ALL AS ONE
AS IT FALLS INTO THE SUN...
WHO CAN SAY BUT AT THE SAME
INSTANT FROM SOME PLANET FAR
A CHILD MAY WATCH US AND EXCLAIM:
"SEE THE PRETTY SHOOTING STAR!"

EARTH by OLIVER HERFORD

Everything we do is music.
Everywhere is the best seat.
John Cage











THINGS TO DO

Schedules

Decisions

Lines

Waiting

Packets

Forms

Lines

Signatures

Schedules

Decisions

Lines

Waiting

Stamps

Lines

Waiting

Assessments

Waiting
Money
Cafeteria
Lines
Waiting
Money
Coffee
Food





This year, as always, the Health Service kept everybody healthy. That is, more or less everybody. Or maybe more or less healthy. Well, whichever comes first. For a mere \$6.85 additional per term (\$26.70 with one dependant, \$38.10 with two) PSU students and their loved ones (in rare cases, husbands and wives) could stay extra healthy although considerably poorer. As one disillusioned student observed—"Even 'free' health care is getting to be too expensive for anyone with an income of less than \$20,000 a year." The moral, of course, is to stay healthy, and clear of the basement of Neuberger Hall.





The future of the Campus Safety and Security Office (CSSO) is becoming, in the minds of many, questionable. Underpaid, understaffed, and seemingly undersupported, the CSSO has had to deal with some difficult problems this past year; problems that could conceivably herald the beginning of the end for PSU's security cops. The past history of the organization has been shaky at best. In its four years of existence, the CSSO has seen three directors come and go, none of whom left, it appears, on the best of terms. The last director to leave, Scott Church, did so after an incident in which he was allegedly assaulted by a PSU student in the cafeteria. When Church tried to take action he was told, in so many words, to drop the matter. When he refused to do so he soon found himself looking for another job. If this pattern continues it seems that CSSO officers will eventually become nothing more than radio-equipped writers of parking citations. And so a question arises: If campus police are in fact necessary to have at Portland State, shouldn't their authority be backed by the administration? Or should they continue to remain as they are, looking official, doing their jobs and never knowing from one day to the next just what that job really is?







*A review of the Tragic Comedy:
Portland State University, humbly
submitted for the last Yearbook by
James W. Warinner, Esq.*

Portland State University, the fine, four year urban university nestled in the concrete-cloaked hills of Portland, Oregon, is an unusual place to go to school for a living.

The place is surrounded by misconceptions. For example, around 13,000 normally intelligent people spend time here believing that they are getting an education. This is not necessarily the case.

A friend, currently on the verge of obtaining two degrees was complaining about this.

"I've been going to school here since 1966," she said. "This spring I'm getting two degrees and unemployment."

"Can't you get a job anywhere?" she was asked.

"Sure, as a waitress. But I could have done that in 1966 and saved myself \$15,000."

Essentially, it seems, the student population is composed of bright young people, their heads bursting with facts, who haven't the slightest idea what to do with them because they haven't been told. Hitler did big things with people like this.

But the delusions concerning this place are not limited to the students by any means. Certain segments of the population suspect Portland State of being filled to overflowing with snarly hippies who stay up late at night making LSD and crude weapons. A lot of these people live in Southern Oregon, an area famous for thinking of this sort.

The subject arose over the holidays, at a party hosted by a middle-aged insurance salesman and his wife. The insurance salesman had been passing the afternoon throwing down Gin and Tonic without closing his throat. He became somewhat blatant as a result.

"I hear that Portland State's a zoo," he said.

"A zoo?"

"Yeah, you know, with all those damned long hairs."

The student became concerned. Some of his best friends were being mentioned.



"Now look," the insurance salesman continued, "I know you wear your hair a little long, but at least it's clean. Why some of those kids up there look like they haven't bathed in months. It must be all that marijuana they smoke up there."

At this point, the student turned and walked away, fearing self incrimination closing in. Cocktail parties in Medford, he recalled, are not good places to Give It Away.

So, given a seamy reputation, and diplomas that are almost as valuable as the last check before pay day, why do all these people go to school here?

There is an answer to this. Portland State University is higher education's own French Foreign Legion. Nine out of ten people taking classes here came to Portland State to forget. Everybody's got a story behind them, and all you have to do is wait for it to come out, according to Bill Carey, *Vanguard* writer and time-bider in residence.

"I figure it takes about a year to learn somebody's story," he was saying one night. "If they don't tell after one year, either they don't have a story or they aren't telling."

The price most people pay for actions such as these is considerable, even in terms of money. Tuition has risen 40% in four years, the rent for places to sleep around here is so high that it is a joke, and everybody knows about food since the President talked about it on television.

There are other things that cost money, too. The rise in the price of meat comes nowhere near the skyrocketing cost of various mind-altering substances, which have become so common that nobody drinks gin anymore. The result is that a lot of people are on the verge of starvation.



"How can I pay 89¢ a pound for hamburger," someone was saying over coffee, "when I've got to pay \$165 for a pound of bad weed?" This person, whose college income is supplemented by transactions like this, has since threatened to revert to tap beer.

Portland State operates its fiscal matters on roughly the same priority level. The money that goes into Athletics has a lot of people in the Science department talking to themselves. The feeling over this is such that a lot of people who pass as liberals around here are trying to turn the Athletics Department into a parking structure.

The idea is not that far-fetched. The Viking is dead now, because there is no money. Programs and classes that used to do people some good are gone, too. The way things are going, President Wolfe will be giving his next State of the University address to a bunch of janitors.

This may not be such a bad idea. The janitors and the Campus Security Force are the only people who take ideas seriously around here. Everybody else is thinking of ways to leave.









Our cafeteria was a murky cellar measuring twenty feet by seven by eight high, and so crowded with coffee-urns, breadcutters and the like that one could hardly move without banging against something. It was lighted by one dim electric bulb, and four or five gas-fires that sent out a fierce red breath. There was a thermometer there, and the temperature never fell below 110 degrees Fahrenheit—it neared 130 at some times of the day. At one end were five service lifts, and at the other an ice cupboard where we stored milk and butter. When you went into the ice cupboard you dropped a hundred degrees of temperature at a single step; it used to remind me of the hymn about Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand.

It was amusing to look round the filthy little scullery and think that only a double door was between us and the dining room. There sat the customers in all their

splendour—spotless table-clothes, bowls of flowers, mirrors and gilt cornices and painted cherubim; and here, just a few feet away, we in our disgusting filth. For it really was disgusting filth. There was no time to sweep the floor till evening, and we slithered about in a compound of soapy water, lettuce-leaves, torn paper and trampled food. A dozen waiters with their coats off, showing their sweaty armpits, sat at the table mixing salads and sticking their thumbs into the cream pots. The room had a dirty, mixed smell of food and sweat. Everywhere in the cupboards, behind the piles of crockery, were squalid stores of food that the waiters had stolen. There were only two sinks, and no washing basin, and it was nothing unusual for a waiter to wash his face in the water in which clean crockery was rinsing. But the customers saw nothing of this.

George Orwell, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, 1933

















I AM JOE'S HAMBURGER

Editor's note: We of the VIKING realize that hamburgers can't talk. They can, however, communicate, so to speak. Like with your stomach. Or maybe your small intestine. At any rate, we believe that the following is what a food service hamburger might say if he or she could talk.



I'm that little morsel that will someday make a big lump in Joe's stomach. Presently I am nearly four inches in diameter but by the time I get to Joe, I will be closer to two. I should be a healthy red in color, but more likely than not, I am a sickly brown. I consist of twenty percent water, four percent meat, and seventy-six percent grease. My nutritional value if it even exists has yet to be determined. I cost about three times what I'm worth, but Joe could never survive the rigors of academic life without me. I am JOE'S HAMBURGER.

Actually, I have never met Joe, but I am too much of a realist to suppose that I can avoid such a meeting indefinitely. Joe is out there somewhere and one of these days, he is going to find me. I have seen thousands of other hamburgers come and go, but unlike me they didn't have the will to survive. I mean, how would you like to leave the world covered with third degree burns from being fried in your own grease? Then, to add insult to injury, have some slob student, probably late for his biology lab, wolf you down in about two seconds. Think about it. Maybe it will give you some idea about why we hamburgers are so paranoid. I can't really complain though. I've been lucky. You see, I'm what they call a Quaker State burger—I am extra greasy so I can innocuously stick to the side of the freezer where nobody can see me. I have been here for three years now and the other burgers jokingly call me a "junior." Once, disguised as a student, I took an English novel course from some guy named Oakland. He gave me an "A." However, I don't plan to graduate. Instead I hope to become a "professional burger," as we say. I guess I could have made it to the big time if I had really tried. You know, McDonalds, Whizburger, Herfy's—maybe even Denny's. But life here in the scum encrusted kitchens of PSU isn't all that bad. Nobody puts on a big front because they all realize the joint is a long way from the Conrad Hilton.



It's just a place for hungry people who are—

- 1) in a hurry
- 2) masochistic
- 3) demented
- 4) equipped with cast iron stomachs to grab something to eat. As I think about it, I don't have too many problems. However, there is one thing that has been bothering me lately: How will I know Joe when I see him?





THE BEAUTIFUL BLACKMAN

By Ken Rainey

There have been few men, in the history of man, that have suffered as many indignities as the blackman. He has been castrated, contaminated, and whipped; but never beaten—totally. His innate durability is as flexible as the rubber trees of his native el dorado—Africa. He has always bounded back, generally to a higher plateau.

Let us take a look at this glorious animal, called the blackman. He is international, you will find him from Madagascar to Missouri, from Haiti to Harlem, Nigeria to Norway, from Seattle to Sicily; he is like life—everywhere.

If he is everywhere, then you should have no trouble finding him, because he is black, and black is definite—Yes, black is clear, black is distinct; but black is not a color, it is a duty, it is not pigmentation, it is a way of life.

A blackman can be white as the Snowcap Mountains of Kilimanjaro or as black as the good earth of the Delta; or a variety of colors in-between; for it is not the hue that makes one black, it is the soul.

To look upon his countenance can be as awe inspiring as a morning Sunrise, as striking as a midnight sun, as beautiful as a full moon, or as frightening as a dawn hurricane—depending upon the eye of the beholder. But, whatever the eye interprets, one thing is sure, this blackman will not be forgotten for like Mount Everest—he is there.

No other man on earth can fight harder, cuss louder, laugh freer, sing deeper, or love stronger. His emotions can be as tender as a baby's tear or as fierce as a mountain lion.

Is he a good man, this blackman? Well, like all men he is many things. He is proud, and he is humble, he is shiftless, and he is quick, he is lazy and he is aggressive, he is weak, and he is strong.

He is the only man anywhere, who can— feed a family of nine, keep a mistress, join a crap game, buy the boys a drink, pay his church dues, tip a waitress— all on fifty-five dollars a week pay check.

No man, but the blackman will— dance, and drink all night, sleep and snore all day, respect his mother, bully his wife, protect his sister paternally, cherish his friends unwaveringly, detest his foes relentlessly, and love his children unyielding.

What are the emotions felt for this blackman? They are the strongest on this planet. They are all passions— Love, Hate, Fear, jealousy—He is hated and hunted by his enemies, dissected and destroyed by his detractors, fought and feared by his foes; but more important he is wildly loved by those who adore him— mostly his woman.

His woman is the only woman who will walk any by-way with him, scrub any floor for him, lie, cheat, scheme, charm, steal, sell and protect him with the ferociousness of a tigress. All she will ask in return is one smile from his flashing dark moorish eyes— one kiss from his honey comb lips— one touch of his jungle essence. Yes, this blackman is loved deeply, completely. So, when you see him, look at him, for he is many things, but mostly he is— Just Man— Just Black— Just Beautiful.

















The PSU INDIAN STUDENT message

How is it that out of thirty some Indian students, less than ten survived to register for Spring term? Was it the Father and Mother of all Indian people, the infamous Bureau of Indian Affairs that caused their children to falter and fall? Was it the inadequate training of the BIA boarding schools that failed to prepare Indian students for college? Was it the legendary Portland State University that caused this atrocity? Was it society? Or was it the Indian himself?

We really don't know who to put the blame on. The BIA has always listened to our problems and heard our talks. Sometimes they even responded if the wind was blowing in the right direction. We surely can't blame the boarding schools. Why just recently they quit using handcuffs to control us. Now they use modern methods. Of course we can't blame PSU, they tried. And we definitely can't blame society, why else would they call it the "Great White Society"? It must have been the Indian himself.

Whoever is to blame, have no doubts that next year we will register forty strong and thereby have fewer failures for you to feel guilty about.



The PSU GAY PEOPLE message

The Gay Peoples' Alliance of Portland State University brings gay women and men together in the struggle for our rights as human beings and citizens. We believe that the liberation of gay people is accomplished by the alteration of existing patterns of male heterosexual domination. Our actions are oriented to that end.

Our strength is in our unity, our diversity is our greatest resource. We are learning together to be proud and loud. No element of this University, City, State, or Nation will any longer be allowed to oppress gay brothers and sisters with impunity. We are too vocal, too angry, and too smart. Most important, we are not afraid.

The Gay Peoples' Alliance welcomes the support of any and all groups and individuals. We recognize that the restructuring of a social entity is a collective effort. We all firmly believe in one concept: that in the sunlight of our effort, the vampire Chauvinism that sucks the lifeblood of gay sisters and brothers will shrivel and die away.

Gay love to all.

The Women's message

Up to this point women's energies have been disparate. There has been concern for many people, for countless problems. Efforts to help other human beings, to reach out to humankind in every direction—energy has become too diffuse.

Result: touching only some. Realization of few of the goals that women have been striving for. Only the surface of the problems has been scratched. There has been misunderstanding within, and mistrust without.

Reaction: disappointment, skepticism. Questioning and doubts, rethinking, rejecting, perceiving. Seeing power in concentration. The focus of energy. The distillation of methods of attack.

Talking, educating, it's very important. But it's not enough.

The focus of the energy must be so exact that nothing is lost— that the full impact is felt— and felt strongly.

There is power in numbers— and women are not going to realize their goals unless— through cooperation and coordinating— women are able to concentrate their power. Women must be for each other, as well as for themselves and for humankind. They must learn to support each other's works and goals and ideals.

Example: PSU Women's Studies Union. Over a hundred women are working together, for each other, for themselves. They are working to resocialize women, to offer alternatives to women, to share common knowledge and experience, to make life here a little easier for us, giving us the time to dig deeper into our work and produce tangible goods, that may result in a little more awareness, a few more smiles of recognition, but most of all, in the self-consciousness that will get us together working, working together. One member of the program pointed out that they hire a few people who do all the paper work so that none of the other women's energies are dispersed. They are experimenting with new kinds of classes, new methods of teaching them. The classes are as diverse as the women themselves, but in each, the concentration is there, the intensity that produces the desired results.



While the Equal Rights Amendment was before the Senate and House Committees of various states, we who supported it were confident that the respectable office-holders would see reason, and we zeroed in on other targets. But what we didn't know, what we never dreamed, was that our own sisters would be there lobbying against the Amendment. Our energies were not focused on the issue and the actually small opposition grew huge in the context of the hearings. There were women arguing against the legislation that would insure their daughters of equal rights in their own endeavors. Well, obviously, if these women saw that damage could be caused by such legislation, that the American "Family" would cease to exist, then surely, how could the legislators vote for such anti-American radicalism?

Meanwhile, supporters of the ERA were fighting to keep child-care, fighting to open up the job market, fighting to earn the same money as men in the same 'position,' fighting for the basic human rights already given men, either by law or by social conditions. If women had collectively worked to support the ERA, each of these areas would have been covered by the legislation, and the work would then remain to bring employers, agencies, et. al. into conformity with the law.

A minority doesn't have to be such in numbers. Women have been a minority economically, i.e. power-wise. Socially, i.e. emotionally. Today, women seek to be recognized as half of the world. We seek acknowledgment of our intellects. Tremendous and profound work can be done, but if it is not recognized, realized, it has no effect. Women have knocked on

the door long enough. They no longer want to be let in the back door. If the door isn't opened, it's time to bust it down. But one shoulder won't budge it. It's been shut too long—wedged into place and swollen in the jamb. It has to be jolted out of place with a battering ram—with a force strong and swift. One woman or two may not be able to open the door but with the collective strength of many, the door will swing open or shatter with the force.

Women must unite and become a solid source of energy which may be drawn upon by its members. Supportive action is justified and indeed vital to the work of breaking and modifying age-old systems of interaction that have held half of the world in a submissive position (in more ways than one).

Many argue that women are too aggressive in their battle, that a slow steady force can eat away at the foundation and attain the same goals. But I assert that women have done just that for decades. Long before women's suffrage was an issue, there were women working, fighting for 'liberation' but that is a slow process and the forces against change, the inertia, are too strong. The realization of women's achievements comes too slow. Momentum must be generated. With a common source of energy, the power radiates and all who are a part of it feel the energy and are themselves revitalized. Such communion is basic to the growth of women as humans.



Julie Darco, 13 said she wanted to go into politics. "You're too pretty," Mr. Nixon said playfully. "You'll probably get married instead."

N.Y. Times
Reprinted from Ms. Magazine

WIFE SURVIVES LEAP

Prague (UPI) Vera Czermak jumped out of her third-story window when she learned her husband had betrayed her. Mrs. Czermak is recovering in a hospital after landing on her husband, who was killed, the newspaper "Vecerny Pravda" reported.

Oregon Journal
12 April 1972





The era of prisons being concerned only with keeping society's "misfits" locked out of society fortunately seems to be slowly disappearing. An example of this is a program found at the Oregon State Penitentiary, where inmates are provided access to a broad educational program: classes ranging from basic reading skills to high school classes and college level courses. The instructors are all volunteers, including professors and graduate students from various universities and colleges throughout Oregon.

One Portland State grad student, Chuck Linderman, makes the trip down every Tuesday to teach a political science class. These classes are rewarding for both inmates and instructors.









The Swiss Family Robinson lived in hollow trees and various caves, but Portland State students live in somewhat more variegated housing.

Many live with their parents, certainly the cheapest way to keep body and soul together. Yet, the old folks do not always understand the peculiar demands PSU makes upon the psyche of a student, not to mention the demands of the flesh which are less easily satisfied when one is living under the same roof as ones' parents.

So even if students begin at PSU while living at home, for many the goal becomes a place of their own. A parttime job, work-study, social security payment, even help from the parents, often makes possible the move from the shelter of the ancestral wing to...

the Luxury of the Ondine, for those nubile females still seeking the cloistered path and all the conveniences.



...the Squalor of the decaying single family houses of the Goose Hollow, Lair Hill - Lower Corbett, S.E. Belmont, N.W. Flanders to Thurman, and North Russell enclaves.

...the Bee-Keepers delight, old reliable PSS, whose buildings were reclaimed from the wrecking ball and parlayed into the mega-Empire run by honorable students for the ostensible benefit of other students, but which flouts its own waiting list for the benefit of friends and family.

...the Delights of marriage and the mandatory move to a young-marrieds suburban apartment complex, where the rents are sinful if nothing else is.

...and the Final joy of sharing an apartment, with roommates all too frequently incompatible, unless they are old high school friends, in which case one begins to philosophize about the difference two years makes.





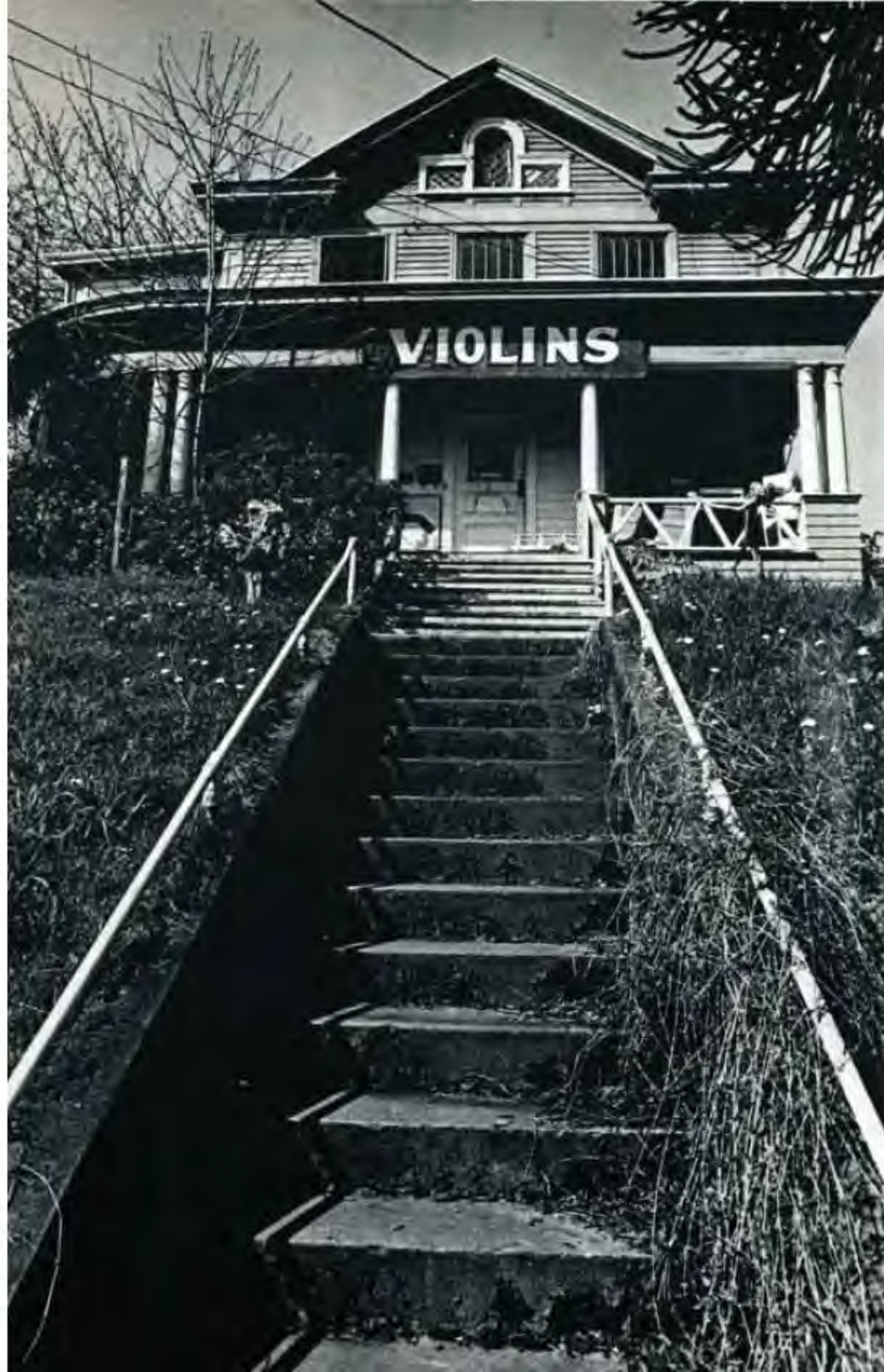
















An army of land developers and real estate speculators came out of the woodwork this year in the Portland area, determined to fuck up the spaces for the rest of us. As Governor McCall charged into battle on behalf of the Willamette Valley, poor Portland lacked a Champion. And it showed, because the blight spread and the FOR SALE signs proliferated like the daffodils in Spring.

Countless fortunes are still being manufactured by these creeps who wheel and deal with flagrant disregard for the homes of the elderly and no comprehension that there are other values than the almighty dollar. A little-publized Report of several years ago assembled by a competent panel found that the number one problem in California is speculation in land values, and pointed out that all efforts to successfully deal with other social ills were doomed to fail unless the illicit traffic in mother earth was stopped. We know how little success California has had in checking this social disease, yet we must believe that we Oregonians can and will succeed because we are not as dumb as the Sunshine saps to the South, and because our values include a genuine respect for this rainy land of ours (with all due respect to our friends in Eastern Oregon.).

This is not to deny to people the right to move away and sell their homes: instead, it is a call to recognize that nobody owns the earth, for God's sake; we merely inhabit it for a short while and we have a deep responsibility to preserve it for the children of today and tomorrow. We already admit that driving a car is a privilege revocable if we aren't responsible drivers. If we aren't responsible stewards of the earth that privilege must be equally revocable.



We came to Portland State because it was a nice place, but they tore it down.

In the late eighteen hundreds, the Portland State area was an affluent residential suburb of downtown Portland.

The first half of this century, this same area was the thriving and homey Jewish section of Portland with many shops, bakeries, restaurants, and groceries, boasting a fine array of old bay-windowed homes and a rising number of apartments. There were three synagogues and the Jewish Community Center to serve the people living here.

With post-war expansion the commercial and manufacturing enterprises crept slowly outward from the downtown core area.

Portland State arrived during this expansion and moved, rather like a hermit crab, into the shell of old Lincoln High School which had gone to build a better home some eight blocks away. One is forced to consider the outcome if, instead of Lincoln H.S., Portland State had found an available home at Franklin, Jefferson, or Roosevelt High Schools. The expansion problems would have been considerably more absurd. As it is Portland State managed to get the park blocks in the bargain which have turned into one of its greatest assets and one of the few semblances of congeniality. Perhaps if PSU had had control over a larger area at the beginning, as most universities do, the growth would have been better planned and more orderly. As it is, PSU has been forced to compete with other institutions for land. The State Highway Dept. hasn't helped PSU's



growing pains in the least, nor have the Dan Davis Corporation and the Portland Development Commission with their commercial priorities. What is very apparent is that a livable community with a university as its vital focus is being destroyed by a "robbing Peter to pay Paul" attitude. Certainly we like to have and need the facilities but... the vicious cycle of expansion taking homes necessitates students living further from school necessitates more commuting necessitates more parking precipitates big problems.

The Woodard residence circa 1880
now the PSU Science II building



The NE corner of Broadway and Montgomery
January 3, 1906
now Koinonia House



The west side of Broadway from Mill to Montgomery
June 1906
now Cramer Hall



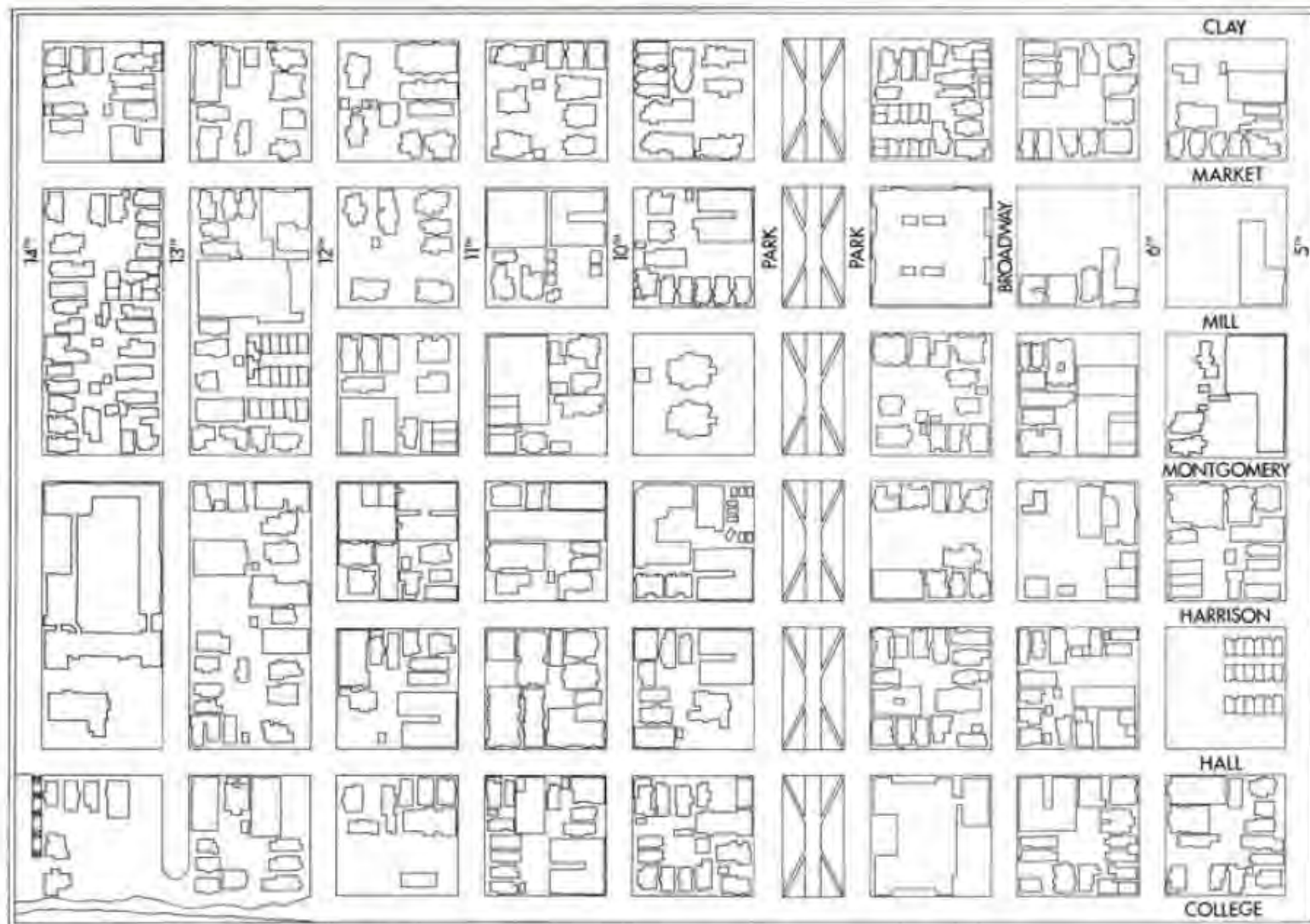
The Ladd residence at Park and Market



The lot at 6th and Caruthers used as garden plot for
Shattuck School now the parking lot south of Shattuck
January 1914



The corner of Park and Madison
January 20, 1924
now, you guessed it, the Masonic Temple



Circa 1944 - before Portland State

The main entities, Shattuck and Lincoln, sit amidst an impressive assemblage of ornate homes and rather classy apartments. Predecessors to the Lone Plaza, the mirror image mansions of the Jacobs brothers stand in elegance across the park blocks from the Jennings house, while the beautiful mansions one block south have made way for a block of houses and the Martha Washington Residence for Women (the Montgomery Building). Most of

the buildings which are to become the other mainstays of student housing (the Blackstone, Parkway, King Albert, King George, Adeline) have already been built. Between 13th and 14th streets is St. Helen's Hall day and boarding school and its neighbor to the east the Jewish Community Center with Fruit and Flower Nursery on the corner.

From left to right are the Whalley, Fechiemer/Failing, Ralph and Issac Jacobs residences on the park blocks.



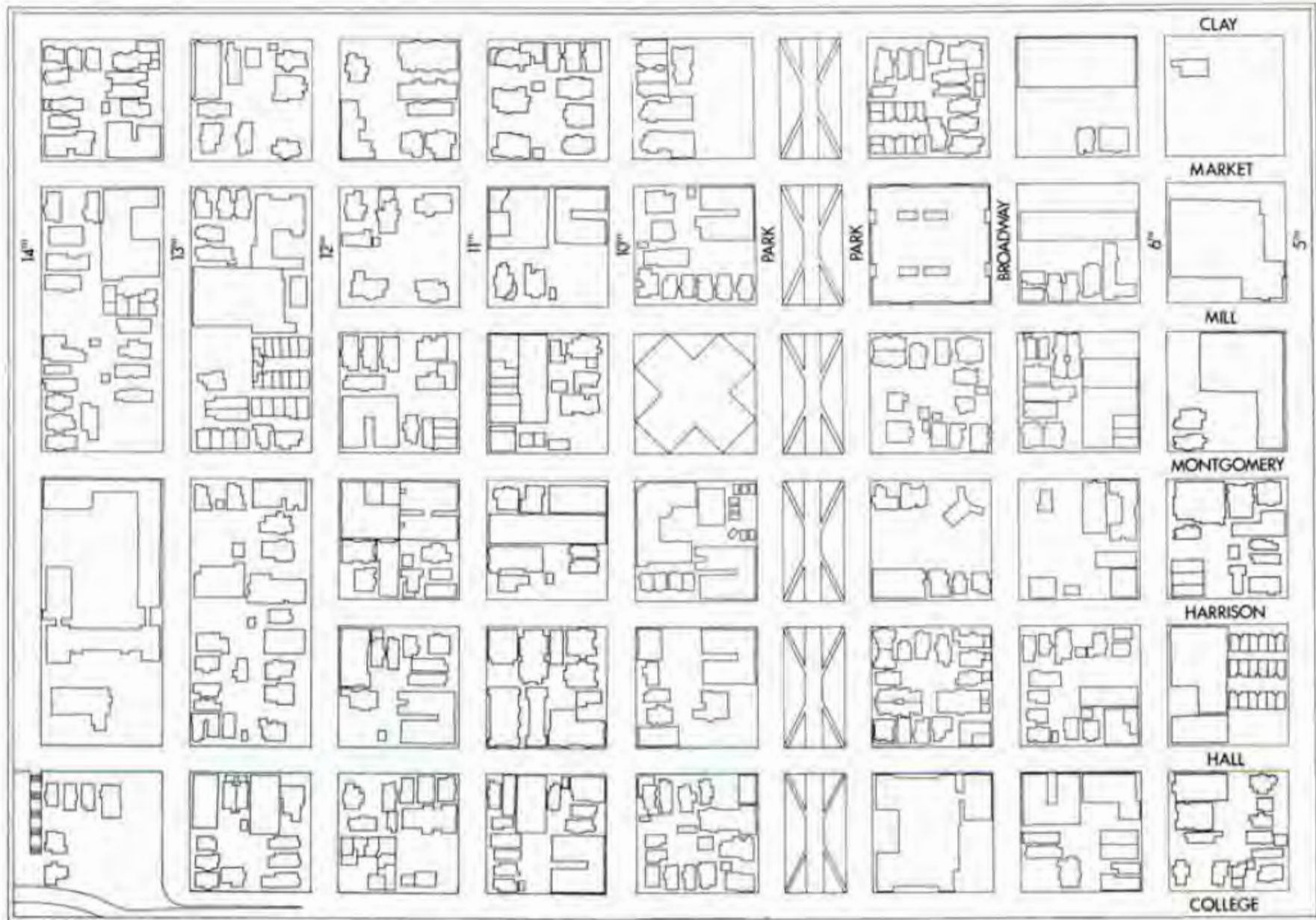
A closer view of the Ralph Jacobs mansion.

The Parkway at 9:00 A.M. August 15, 1940

That which is past and gone is
irrevocable. Wise men have enough
to do with the present and things to
come.

Francis Bacon





Circa 1955 - Portland State arrives

Many of the older homes have been removed and it is the era of the private auto garage and small commercial garage/service station. On Broadway the AAA and the car dealer have built their offices. The lone Plaza has just been completed; St. Mary's School is in the process of expanding. Jennings house on the corner of Park and Montgomery has become the Registrar's office as Portland State begins to build and

expand. By the end of the 50's State Hall (Cramer) is on its way and the two story College Center/Library is building up to its present four floors.



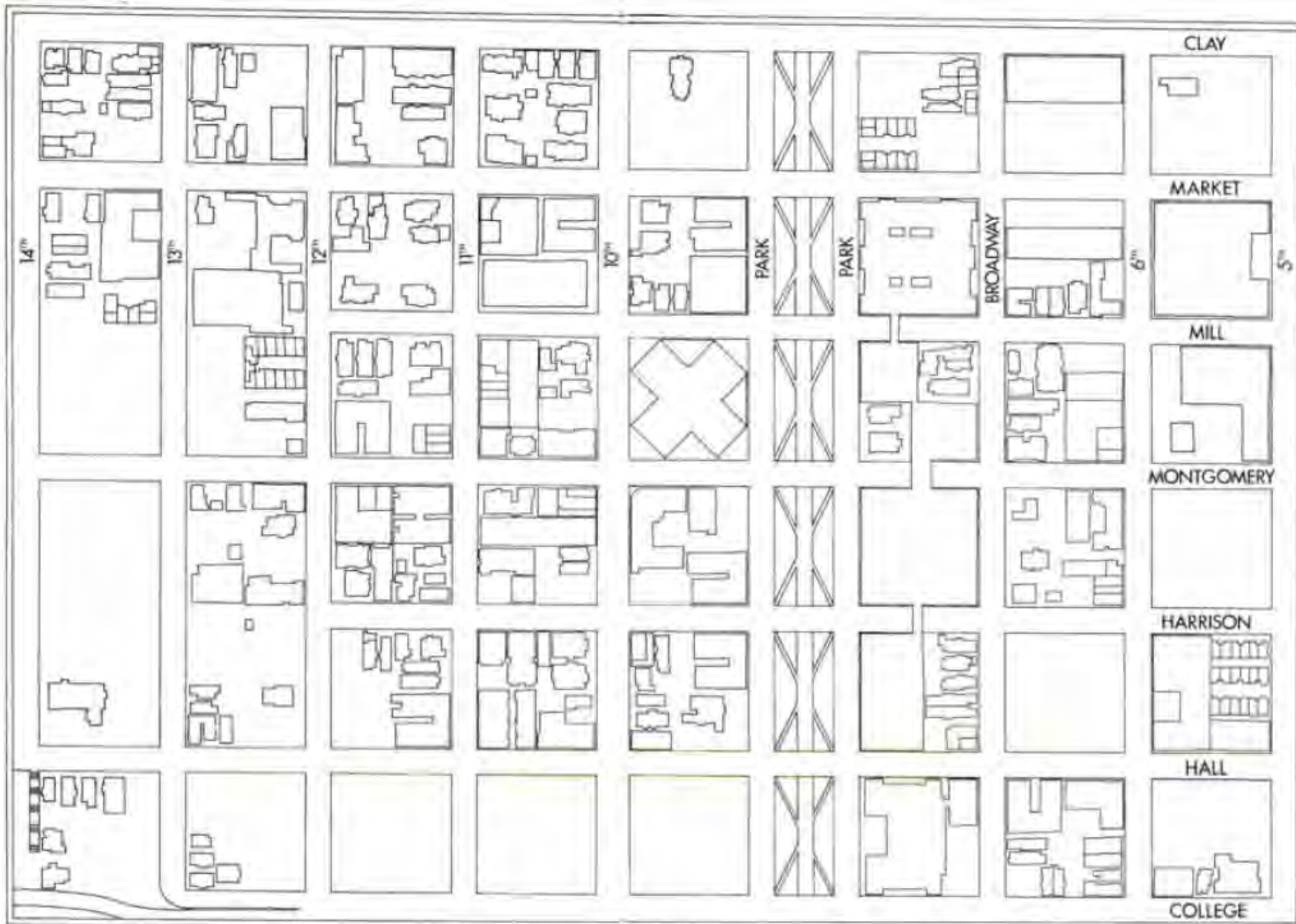
An aerial view looking north with State Hall (Cramer) under construction in 1956.



Some homes on the west side of Broadway at College in November 1959.



This photograph appeared in the 1953 yearbook. These houses with frontyard shops stood at Broadway and Clay until 1968. The old Subshop, the original Cuckoo's Nest and, of course, Ann's Koffee Korner were diverse tenants of the small shops over the years.



Circa 1966 - Portland State expands

As the City of Portland builds and renews so does Portland State. In the photo on the opposite page from about 1962 indicating proposed expansion there are many things which show the increasing ferment. South Park Hall and College Center

are nearly in their present form while State Hall still presents the appearance of Siamese twins. East of Portland State toward the river, urban renewal has taken a tremendous toll of houses and left the land bare for the time being. And beyond, the Marquam Bridge is under construction. The houses and apartments in the foreground are soon to be razed for the Stadium Freeway.

The map above shows that by 1966 most of the buildings in the path of the freeway had been torn down, including St. Helen's Hall while the Jewish Community Center waits for destruction. There are more and larger areas for parking and a big blank at Park and College streets where the P.E. building is in the works.



The photographs below include areas which were a part of the feverish leveling and construction of the 60's.



The P.E. building construction with the freeway excavation behind.

The newly completed Science I and one of the old houses soon after razed for Science II construction.



Registration day at the Jennings house about 1960. The waiting line wraps once around the block with the new State Hall on it, up the stairs, and into the registrar's.



In this 1968 photograph the new Library West is tucked away in back of the Queen Louise Apartment, which is obviously no longer there.

Geodesic spheres larger than half-a-mile in diameter can be floated in the air, like clouds. Draped with polyethylene curtains—to retard night-time air intake—the spheres would be light enough to remain aloft, at preferred altitudes.

R. Buckminster Fuller

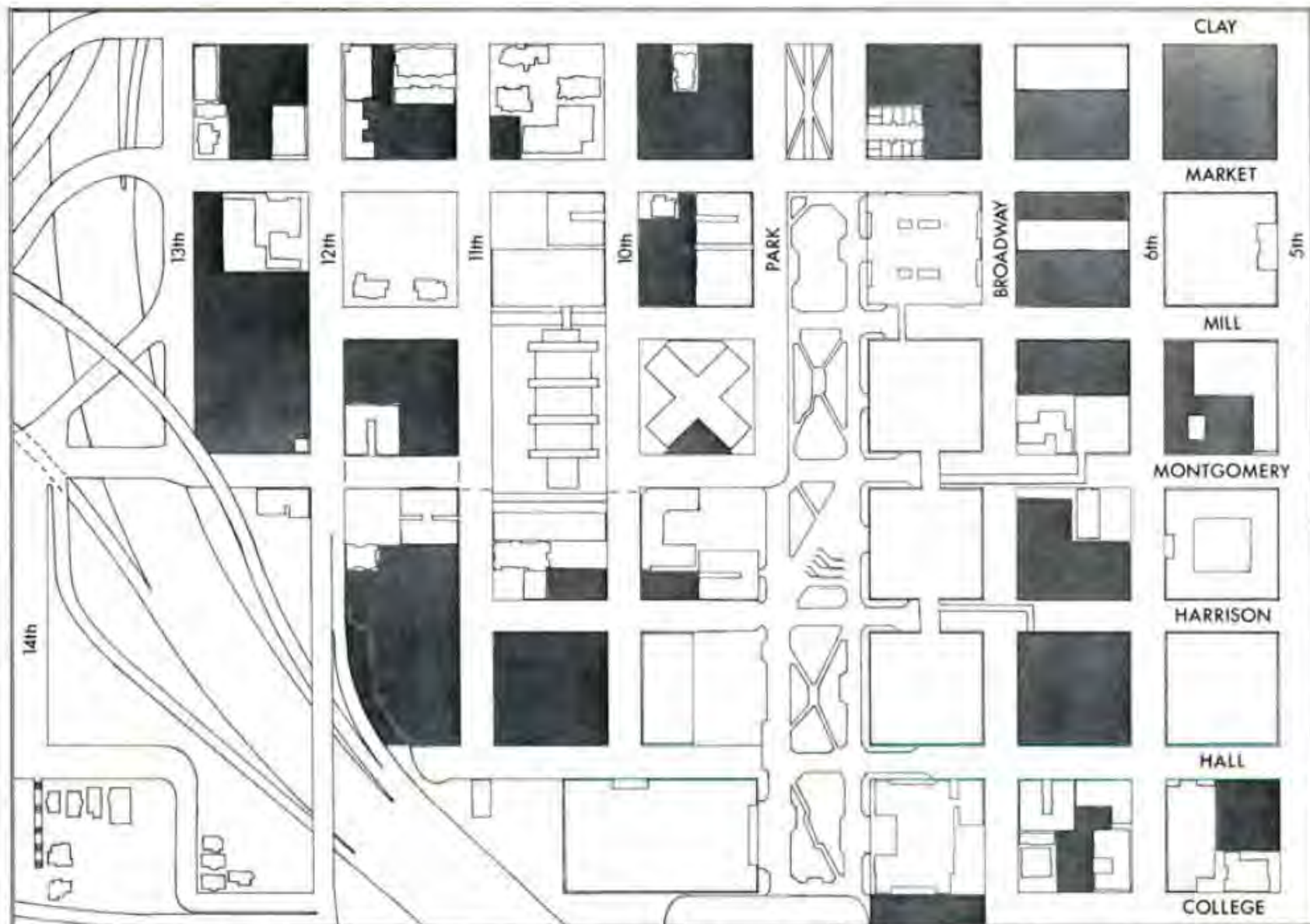


The Dan Davis Corporation promised Portland State skylights and malls and courtyards and trees, but instead produced another neo-sarcophagus concrete monstrosity. Here is one of the architectural drawings that sold Portland State on a bill of goods.



A view looking southwest previous to bookstore and Viking Dorm (Ondine). Visible on the left is the old Neveh Zodek synagogue. One of the last vestiges of the Jewish community, the Neveh was wrecked in 1964, its contemporary, the Ahavai Shalom, left to stand, deserted and boarded, at Park and Columbia.





1973 PSU today - betrayed and beleaguered

Avant nous le deluge.

While PSU now has a tree-lined mall, parking and more open spaces devoted to parking abound. Jennings house, the King George and still other homes and apartments are gone while Portland Student Services, under the banner of altruism, built another student housing fiasco and the students try to make do with what is left of the more amenable dwellings from a nearly bygone era. The Portland State environment today is a place of business rather than

residence; what, in 1944, was still a bedroom community of downtown Portland is now very much a part of the commercial center.

History is bunk.
Henry Ford

And do you see all the appropriately
toned gray areas on the map?

Those spaces are devoted to placing
of cars when the people
are not in them.



Oregon is a big fertile section of the planet Earth; politically connected with the United States government; larger in area than all of Great Britain, but comparatively sparsely populated.

Oregonians are distinguished by liberality, wealth, security, and openness. Many Oregonians choose to live here despite the fact that they could earn far more money living in an environment where their skills are more in demand, but realize that one of the reasons money flows freer elsewhere is that the growth rate in such places as Texas, California etc. is out of control. Oregonians often seem to feel that they can control their relationship to their environment more viably here than elsewhere. Oregonians have access to the excitement in California, but don't seem to feel that Oregon should be quite as exciting. (frenzied?)

Portland is Oregon's mercantile center, and is one of the biggest small towns in America, despite the efforts of a few unenlightened developers to turn it into a teeming metropolis. Portlanders have the qualities of Oregonians, except for slightly more insecurity than the farmers, and slightly more liberality; some think to a fault.

Young Portlanders have the assets of growing up in a slightly less confusing environment than many and seem to have quite a bit of self-confidence. Immigrant young people are further distinguished by having chosen Oregon's vibrations over those from whence they came. There does not seem to exist in Oregon much of a willingness on the part of the young to settle for second rate lives. This has been demonstrated recently by thwarting of the South East freeway, objection to further exploitation by the Port of Portland in the form of



airport expansion into the Columbia River, opposition to nuclear power, a number of people's food Cooperatives, neighborhood groups forming for mutual benefit, and one of the strongest Public Interest Research Groups, (OSPIRG) in the country.

Portland State University is this city's major university, and is very confused about its role, both as an educational institution, and as a part of the community. It is a healthy confusion, and it looks as if it is a confusion we will have to live with for a while, since any other course would undoubtedly lead to a second rate definition of the school. The Whole Life Research Committee hopes to have a part in defining that role. There are many questions in the air right now. Do Portland State students really have to pay for an athletic program which is irrelevant to the educational experience for the majority, and is not supported by more than a fraction of the students and faculty? Since the school has fragmented and decimated the neighborhood, does the school have a responsibility to make the environment of the campus livable again? Should the student center be run by students? Should the curriculum answer unasked questions, or should it be student centered? Can no-man's land be pacified and humanized? Must one be callous and psychopathic to make one's way? Are the sensitive doomed to alienation?



Where are the teachers? When people stop valuing diplomas so highly, will PSU become a ghost town? Do we really want to have a part in the further exploitation of countries on the Pacific Rim?

Intelligent people all over the world are realizing as they mature that they don't have to wait for the confusion of their governments to be quieted, just as they realized that the Kingdom of God was within, rather than at the church. As people have built up alternatives to government programs, atrophy has set into the existing governments along with ensuing irrelevance.

However, it is only through the establishment of alternative ways that old ways die. Until we start loving one another and manifesting that love, all of our rhetoric which challenges existing institutions is rather hollow.

The Whole Life Research Committee is dedicated to investigation of existing realities with a view to accumulating the tools needed to deal with the situation now, and changing it to make life more comfortable. We are not here to abjectively judge what should stay and what should be changed, feeling that whatever has validity will stay, and what doesn't will wash away.

Likewise, we are not attempting to educate people per se. We feel that everybody knows where it's at all the time. We don't have a message for all men, but rather trust the selectivity of those who deal with us, to instinctively know what part of our trip is right for them.

The university is ideally a river to the ocean of truth. When a university mistakes itself for the actual ocean, and replaces curiosity with complacency, it becomes a swamp. If you perceive the university to be a swamp, you must find a river to travel on. To remain in an environment which you do not honor is an alienating and confusing course of action. If you perceive the university to be a river which you need to follow for a while, in order to accomplish certain changes, and you are conscious of what it is and is not, you will not be disappointed.

The university is a tool which we honor and which right now has much to offer. We feel that it is important for those who have dealings with the university to realize, however, that what the university appears to offer and what it actually offers may not coincide. If one expects cosmic truth, information on how one is to live, spiritual enrichment, from the existing university, one is doomed to disappointment.

The city is a place where rivers meet. Many games are played in the city. If one honors the city for what it is: namely, a big festival of the possible, one can be happy here. However, if one mistakes the city for the big game, or one of the games played in the city for the big game, one will spend much time looking for a game that one will never find.

The Whole Life Institute is a farm which will teach people who want to get back to the land. If one comes to the farm to learn how to farm, or to be less distracted so that one can focus attention more on whatever one wishes to focus attention on, one can be happy here. But if one mistakes the farm for the game, one will sadly trudge back to the city and tell acquaintances: "Farming isn't the game."





A man sat on a great stone -
 breathing -
 Take of the wind and cleanse -
 yourself -
 Self is the nucleus of all -
 The center of
 Being -
 Being of the center -
 Sit on your great stone
 and breath clear -
 Purify the center
 and cleanse all
 The Outward -

-Gideon-





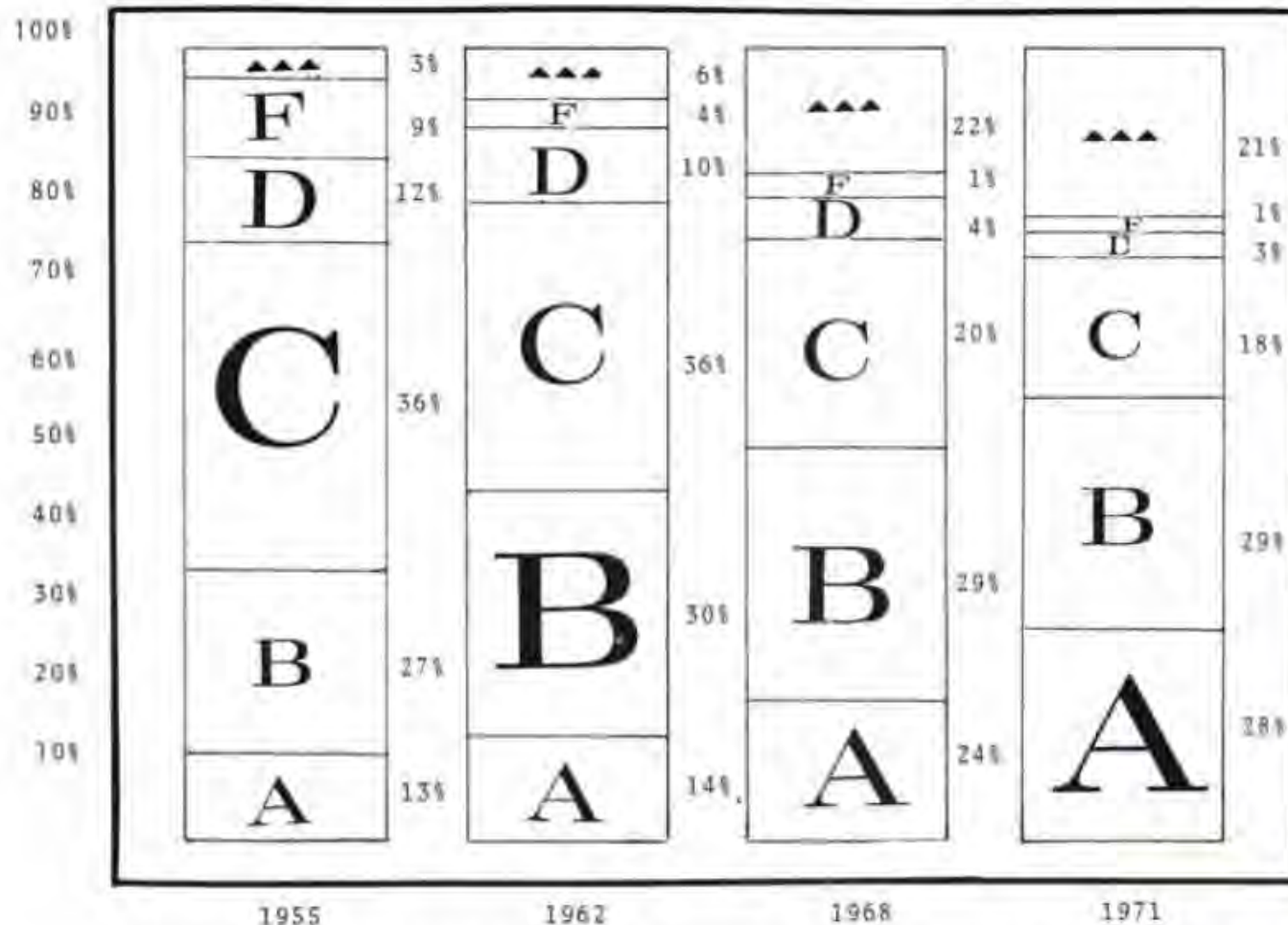
For years, the White Gallery has been a showcase for the work of numerous artists throughout the United States. Past exhibits have included photographs, paintings, sculpture, and virtually every conceivable form of art. However, a long standing policy of the PSU Art Committee has been to summarily exclude student exhibits from the White Gallery.

Last Fall, after his and several other students' work had been turned down, Bill Carey put on a "one man show" to protest the absurd "no students" policy when he picketed the Gallery wearing only a trench coat and a strategically placed sign. He caused a commotion, to say the least, and as a result, the Art Committee revised their policies. They now claim there are no restrictions concerning student exhibits. However, there are still no student works scheduled to be shown and it is most unlikely there will be in the future. Perhaps student grievances were best summed up by Tim Harvey, a graduate student in Art, in a letter to the Vanguard — "The idea is that only professionals have anything worth showing, while student work, no matter how competent and exciting, can't possibly match up. This is an instance of simple-minded thinking becoming institutionalized in avoidance of dealing with the question 'what is worthwhile art and what is not?'"



Opening / Portland Center for
the Visual Arts

▲▲▲ Incompletes, withdrawals, pass, and no pass



A new grading system was adopted at Portland State this year eliminating D's and F's and replacing them with Incomplete and Withdrawal marks. Winter term was the guinea pig for the new policy and when it ended and grades came out many were left displeased. The below average students who receive a disproportionate amount of W's and I's and 86 students whose grades were turned in late were disqualified from

further attending the school. Their limit of W's and I's was surpassed thus imposing the disqualification. After the typical amount of red tape which caused a later registration for the effected students, things were eventually straightened out and the students re-instated.





In most societies survival is dependent on adherence to traditional values; in the American culture survival seems to be more dependent on being able to change with the constant flow of the social system. It is a culture of situation ethics. It is most difficult to be young, to be beset with the problems of creating a meaningful, ordered, exciting, and contented life when the things one doesn't like seem so permanent and the things one does like seem to change second by second. We become caught between tradition and progress with two sets of values; two social trust systems - and the coexistence of the two demands a great deal of mental energy. Every generation struggles in a love/hate death grip with the society already created. The members of each generation struggle with the knowledge that their memories are not the limiting burdens that their parents carry. They hold few awestruck loyalties to the previous generation's miraculous inventions. They see what problems the inventions have begotten and judge accordingly.

Our parents were children when Henry Ford promised a car to every person. In '73 he has more than kept his promise and though we know the attendant problems we are mostly too busy or too lazy to materialize the alternatives. Our parents' generation had a simplistic idea of physical beauty. If you looked a certain way you were beautiful; if not, you tried to look that way, perpetually bedeviled by failure. In '73 we have begun to learn that physical bigotry breeds norms that are dangerously irrelevant while the social appearances of the beauty pageant traditions still prevail in numbers. Our parents lived through "the war to make the world safe for democracy" and at least a dozen more in the name of as many other ideologies. We have lived through the frustration of their generation sending ours off to another war, and in '73 the war is quasi-officially ended while the military tail is still wagging the bureaucratic dog. It took days for Wilson to win the Presidential election, it took Truman over night, it took Nixon a couple hours. But little else is different in '73. We've been witness to another political campaign of platitudes and promises filled with imprecations and implications. During wartime our parents

developed synthetics to last, and now they last and last in sanitary landfills, garbage dumps, and by the sides of the roads. Our parents also planted victory gardens that went to weeds in '45 and were sold to developers by 1950. In '73 we have to realize that the homes that were built on the garden weeds were for our generation, the post-war babies who now lament the loss of the garden plots and strive to find places to live in the country with pious regard for the land. Our parents lived through the total failure of the American economic system and its revival to "a chicken in every pot". We in '73 are told we have the highest standard of living in the world but the cost of eating is nearly prohibitive. We came into a world where nuclear fission, mass communication, freeways, urban sprawl, space travel and computer technology existed by the time we were adolescents. To conceive of our world without these things we must warp our imaginations while our parents need only jog their memories. We live our parents' science fiction but we do not live our ancestors' utopia. Americans it seems are always pursuing happiness or paradise. Some think we'll find it here; some, when we die; some, when we come back; some, when we're through coming back. Ours is the land of the free but most of us are overeducated or under-educated or unemployed or work 9 to 5, 5 days a week with utter dissatisfaction. We are invisibly attached to offices, banks, cars and credit cards. There are billions for defense and not one cent for poverty but ours is the home of

the brave. Are the American values changing? Is the era of unified learning, humanitarian politics, sympathetic sciences, and loving psychology at hand? What we pleaded and demanded for our elders to correct in the sixties will we now go about correcting for ourselves in the seventies? Perhaps we're dreaming a different American Dream, and perhaps our children will dream a new one in their turn.











The American way of life in 1973 cannot be described objectively by any observer, internal or external. The flavor of American people and places is influenced by the interpretive coloration of our tinted eye, our tainted vision. But all too often that vision breaks down completely and we fail to see even apparent reality or simple beauty through our individual flavor-haze.

Too often we fail to confront or even acknowledge the tens/hundreds/thousands of people who pass by us daily. We sit on silent buses, rise on quiet elevators, stare directly as we wait for the WALK....

Too often we fail to accept people whose life style differs from ours. We scorn businessmen, scoff at the suburbs, laugh at the past as we grow older....

Too often we fail to be real persons ourselves. We meld into the mob, grow obscure, become systemized as we work within the system....

Circle the globe? Fly to Europe? See America first? No, walk around the block/neighborhood/community. Stop and talk to every "stranger" you approach. Stroll downtown and greet the street people. Become real. Accept. Confront.

The closing pages of this book are a product of this reality/acceptance/confrontation. The people shown in the photographs paused momentarily for the photographer. Stopped. Smiled. Confronted. A pleasant confrontation in most cases. They became real for a moment and dropped their urban defenses. Examine their clothing, their hairstyle, their environment. Feel their faces. Smile back at them. They are Americans of 1973 — a product of themselves and the time in which they live. They and we will surely change with time as time changes us. But their flavor and their photographs will remain with us.

Larry Andreas
Jeff Becker















FLORSHEIM FLORSHEIM



























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The Veritable Quandary

Old Main Tavern



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Portland State Bookstore



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The Deli

